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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Daffodils

Fathered by March, the daffodills are here.
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now, that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed one flames behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.
Scarce here, soon will it be—oh, sweet and fleet!—
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese*

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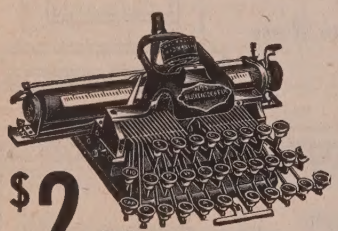

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1917. NUMBER 5

WAR PRAYER—MARK TWAIN.

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe.

"O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun-flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of one who is the Spirit of Love and who is the ever faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset, and seek his aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory now and ever. Amen."

—From Biography by Albert Bigelow Paine, Harper & Brother, Publishers.

In these days of heart-breaks as well as home-breaks, of the heroism that dares disagree, that ventures in the interest of the ideal regardless of the clouds that obscure the sun, the following from a letter written by Hugo Grotius to his brother should be inspiriting to all those who are torn between what they deem the "ideal" and the "practical":

I shall never cease to do my utmost for establishing peace among Christians, and if I do not succeed it will be honorable to die in such an enterprise.

A reader of UNITY who "can stand it no longer," and has cut it off from his reading list, complains of our "painstaking efforts to spread the guilt involved in the war over all the nations." We plead guilty to the charge, but it is a blind leap on the part of our friend when he concludes "that this is an exculpation of any one party involved." This war is deep rooted in the war spirit, which is as old as the brute in man. We are all poisoned with the tiger elements still surviving in our blood. Even when we cease to use claws made in steel and tusks refined into bayonets, we still indulge in the brutalities that deny the right of diversity of opinions and refuse to give fellowship to those who differ from us.

The Art Institute of Chicago is one of the things on the cultured side of life of which every citizen may be inordinately proud. But little more than a quarter of a century old, it ranks beyond some much older, and from the entrance hall to the last wall it is a place of wondrous beauty and inspiration. The new galleries are very attractive in their arrangement and each successive exhibition seems to surpass its predecessor. The new galleries were opened by the exhibitions of American painting and sculpture, and never in its history has the Institute so beautifully exhibited sculpture. At present there are several very interesting and beautiful collections on exhibition, among them those of Charles P. Gruppe, Howard T. Cushing, Ernst Lawson, Bertha Menzler Peyton, Whistler's etchings and Proctor's sculptures. Don't miss seeing them. A very pleasant innovation has recently been introduced—that of serving tea and dainty cakes and sandwiches around three o'clock—in one of the new galleries—and the tea is good.

M. B. P.

A Western minister, in a recent sermon based upon the words of Jesus concerning the millstone about the neck of one who might be "a hindrance to one of these little ones," said: "No holier act can anyone perform than to remove hindrances to the Godward growth of a child's life." What pregnant sentence! *Who* shall remove the hindrances? From what class or set or sect of children shall hindrances to the Godward growth be removed? *What* are the hindrances to Godward growth? You see what a large subject it opens for discussion.

Let us leave out the unfortunate child of poverty-stricken homes and, worse yet, the child of no home, and take YOUR child: you of the comfortable, if not affluent home; you of education and refinement and ambition for your child—or you helping or hindering him in his Godward growth? In that very word "ambition" lies the first hindrance. Substitute "aspiration" and the whole course of training will be changed, for the change will be first in your own understanding of life, its aims, its duties, its obligations. The duties and obligations of parenthood will come to be more important to you than those pertaining to club and social life: the obligation to be with your child or children in their most formative years—remember the wisdom of the church father who said: "Give me your child for the first nine years of his life and I care not who may have him thereafter"? "Obligation?" I should have said the "joy"—from all your life, no matter what social or civic honors or "joys" may be your portion, none can ever equal the

joy of living close to your children when they are *yours* alone, before *any* outside influence may leave its impress. The most skillful, highest-priced nurse or governess cannot take *your* place.

The first lesson to be inculcated, I should say, which would be the removal, perhaps, of the first "hindrance," would be that of obedience, which would entail respect for authority. The over-indulgence of your child and the non-exaction of prompt obedience to your wise ruling will be productive of nothing but bitter regret and sorrow for all concerned.

No satisfaction can equal that of walking in a God-ward path, and removing every hindrance and stumbling-block from the little feet following ours.

M. B. P.

Our "Belgium"

Have we, the United States, a "Belgium"? What say you to the story of the Seminole Indians?

At the tip end of Florida lie the overflow lands called the Everglades, and connected therewith is the Big Cypress Swamp. It is a kind of wet-sponge land, tall saw-grass and cypress jungle its chief vegetation, snakes and alligators its principle inhabitants, with here and there a hummock rising high enough for man to keep dry on—about as impenetrable a wilderness as is left in America. On the hummocks are some six hundred Seminole Indians in thirty-two little village camps; a fine, sturdy, moral race, but living under most primitive conditions, and cherishing till of late, and perhaps still, profound hate of white men's civilization. They raise meager crops, but their cattle are gone, game is almost extinct, alligator hides are no longer in fashion, and plume birds are protected by law. These six hundred are the remnant of the once large and strong tribe that occupied Florida at the time when Spain sold the country to the United States in 1819 for $5,000,000—sold it stipulating that the rights of the Seminoles to lands should be preserved.

The chief event of the United States territorial ownership was a bloody seven years' war. A kind of treaty for cession of lands had been forced through by the Government, not in good faith nor with the real consent of the tribe, "an act of duplicity and perfidy perpetrated upon them," as the Government inspector's report confessed two generations later. The whole Seminole Nation rose in revolt under its chief Osceola. Troops were sent down and many soldiers died or were killed, and thousands of Indians. *Under a flag of truce* Osceola came to the United States camp to confer with the General, was arrested, imprisoned, and died in prison—the General's explanation of the flag of truce treachery being that it was the only way in which the career of the wily chief could be stopped. Decidedly "Belgic," that. Finally a "peace pact" was made in 1842. The whole thing, besides the lives and the honor lost, cost over $40,000,000, it is said.

Then a *shove* began. Under the pact certain lands were set aside for the conquered Seminoles, and they were "retired" to them. White encroachments set in, the pact was explained to be "temporary," and the Indians were shoved farther down the peninsula.

When Florida became a State in 1845, it took over and continued the shove on its own account. In 1850 the Federal Government gave the State 5,000,000 acres of so-called swamp and overflow land, making no specific provision for the Seminoles. Four of the five million acres have been disposed of to speculators and settlers, and in the process still farther down into the Everglade hummocks and the Big Cypress went the Indians.

Some fifteen years ago a conscience began to wake in the white man. The twentieth century had arrived and must be observed. So (1) an act was passed giving the Seminoles certain lands "if not otherwise appropriated," and it later appeared that every acre of it *was!* (2) Another act appointed a commission to "select" some land for them, but no funds were provided and nothing was done. (3) The Legislature voted 100,000 acres as a Seminole reservation, but the Governor vetoed the act because the land was too valuable. Then a prominent citizen of the State bought 60,000 of the hundred for 41⅔ cents an acre!

Meantime, however, the Indian Bureau has secured eight or nine tracts aggregating 23,000 acres, of which one-fifth are arable, and the Indians have been persuaded to tolerate a faint beginning of schools. And this next month, when the Florida Legislature convenes, there is going to be an earnest appeal to stop the bluffing, admit the moral obligation and make some adequate provision for the surviving Seminoles. This new Florida conscience is incarnated in a woman named Mrs. Moore-Wilson of Kissimmee, in that State, who has sacrificed time, means and health to redeem her State from its dishonor. Of the million acres of swamp and cypress tangle left, it is hoped that 100,000 (four-fifths of them being most of the time under water) will be granted as a game preserve, with chance for live stock and farming—and civilization—and citizenship—and, shall we say, Christianity? Or, considering the record that our Christian nation has made, shall we leave the Christianity out? "To recall the wrongs and outrages which these Red Patriots have suffered at the hands of the United States Government would require volumes:" so writes the Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, from whose recent plea for justice we have borrowed the facts of this story.

Have we a "Belgium" of our own? If we think so and have a Florida friend, we might write to him to help the appeal, and perhaps send a little money to Mrs. Moore-Wilson in its behalf. W. C. G.

Editorial Correspondence

II.

One Sunday's Work.—A night's ride from Pittsburgh landed me early Sunday morning, March 11th, in Philadelphia, and at 10:30 I spoke to one of the largest and most impressive audiences that it has ever been my privilege to address at a Sunday morning religious service. Rabbi Krauskopf's beautiful Temple was well filled up into the galleries, twelve or fourteen hundred people being present. It was preeminently a religious service. The beautiful ritual of the Reformed Jews is always impressive to me and it was never more so than on that Sunday morning. The time and hurry, even dinner engagements, seem to be forgotten when the Jews gather to worship. Their liturgy is aligned to the most modern thought, while at the same time it has a flavor of the ages. It is read with the quiet deliberation that is such a relief from the hurry-scurry mumbling of the Christian liturgical churches. The prayer book compiled by Doctor Krauskopf might well serve as a service book to any liberal religious congregation. There is little in it that is racial or theological. Were it not for the Hebrew texts that are always rendered into their English equivalents in parallel columns, there is little to remind one that it is Jewish. After the beautiful service there was still time for forty-five or more minutes of the sermon on "Things Held in Common."

It was an enjoyable dinner eaten at the hospitable table of the Rabbi. The good Doctor began his professional career with this congregation over thirty years ago. It has grown with his growth. He is now venerable, a living factor in whatever is progressive and efficient in the City of Brotherly Love. Just now he is one of the leaders of a movement, with fair prospects of success, to abolish capital punishment from the statute books of Pennsylvania.

An afternoon ride of two hours brought me to Baltimore to speak in the evening to a people's service held in the down town Mt. Vernon Methodist Church. These "Popular Sunday Evening Services" are the result of a happy fusion of energy and opportunity on the part of the Methodist pastor and the Reverend R. C. Hogue, a neighboring Episcopal rector. At these meetings the current questions of the day are presented by the most effective available representatives of the same. Baltimore is "patriotic." "Preparedness" is bristling there, and it was doubtful whether a peace argument would be welcomed, but the large audience listened and responded with tearful sympathy to the other side, showing that here as elsewhere there is a silent protest, a vast multitude who can only weep and pray in the face of the belligerency that is so full of "Honor" that it is impatient to "loose the dogs of war."

Philadelphia Again.—It was in the "wee small hours" of the night before the preacher found his bed in the City of Brotherly Love. On Monday he talked to the "Liberal Ministers' Club," that lunches every other Monday at the Quaker headquarters, when Universalists, Unitarians, Quakers and others gather with Professor Holmes, a Quaker, as President. The man from Chicago there told the story of the Parliament of Religions. In the afternoon a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Peace Society was attended, and we heard Professor Kircheway, President of the American Peace Society, tell of his plans to mobilize the dormant or indolent peace societies with which he is more or less directly connected. On Tuesday afteroon the Woman's Peace Party, of which the wife of Prof. W. I. Hull is President, furnished a good audience. Like their associates in Chicago and Washington, the society is full of "pep." They believe in Peace in the present tense. In the evening a goodly audience under the joint auspices of the Woman's Peace Party and the "Fellowship of Reconciliation" was addressed at Swarthmore. Next morning there was a ten-minute address to the student body of Swarthmore College. Here it is not treason to interpret the flag in terms of internationality. On Wednesday forenoon I attended the mid-week meeting of the Hicksite Quakers at the Race Street Meeting. Their school children all came in and the spirit moved me by appointment to deliver my peace message to an impressive and receptive audience. On Thursday at the same hour I spoke for three-quarters of an hour to the Orthodox Quaker Select School for boys and girls, and at three in the afternoon was aboard the train for New York again.

New York City.—Friday evening was divided with the ever forceful and delightful Rabbi Wise. Later I gave an address before the Bronx Branch of his many-handed Jewish work. The regular Sabbath evening religious service was led by a young Rabbi whose student days were spent in Chicago. As a boy he was wont to listen to the speaker in the "All Souls Church." At midnight I was aboard the train for Florida.

Orlando, Florida.—Arrived Sunday afternoon; spoke that night in the attractive Unity Chapel which was built under the effective administration of the Reverend Eleanor Gordon. She is completing her fifth year of ministry in this charming winter resort, which is rapidly forming a solid nucleus of an all-the-year-round constituency that is already making Or-

lando the cathedral town for Unitarian Florida. It is needless to say that it is yet a missionary bishopric that Miss Gordon is called to and the A. U. A. will seek far and long before they find a more efficient Bishop than this woman preacher from the West.

The Chapel is a characteristic one. It reflects the ministerial training of the West. It is half parlor and half auditorium, adjustable, serviceable and beautiful. If you want a full house, build a small church. The capacity last Sunday was taxed to the limit. Again the theme was Peace. The next night it was "Robert E. Lee; the Man Who Conquered Defeat." On Wednesday night it was "Robert Browning; The Poet of Faith." At last here was sunshine, a lot of it, revealing in all its glory Florida's luxuriant foliage, its sparkling lakes innumerable, studied in stretches a hundred miles long from an automobile running over perfect roads and with old comrades. Where the brick roads end, the run is still continued over more beautiful, yellow-clay roads. Picnic dinners by lakeside and roadside with Jane Addams, Mary J. Safford, Eleanor Gordon and Iowa friends, with many campaigning memories thrown in, made the Florida visit delightful and memorable and punctuated the Florida scenery with cordiality as well as beauty.

On Thursday I arrived at Birmingham, Alabama. But that is another story. J. LL. J.

THE UNDERLAND.

When I was, oh, so much smaller,
And so much nearer the ground,
The dear, queer things I could hear and see
The wonderful things I found!
I mined on the mole-hill mountains,
I toiled in the valleys of sand,
And the gems untold and the pebble-gold
I shut away in my hand!

When I was, oh, so much smaller,
Wherever I chanced to pass
I saw the ants and the little brown bugs
Climb up on the blades of grass!
I travelled, and the little brown bugs,
Through a forest vast and sweet,
Whose shadowy glades I know no more,
Because it is under my feet!

When I was, oh, so much smaller,
And so much nearer the floor,
The leagues of its carpet prairie!
The flowers that scattered it o'er!
The house—what a boundless kingdom!
What mysteries came and went!
Each chair was a wayside boulder,
Each table a spreading tent!
The lamps were moons hung in heaven,
And the big folks giant-high;
Away up on my father's shoulder
I could reach clear into the sky!

I'm glad I'm coming up taller!
We can't stay close to the ground!
Yet I think, oh, often and often,
Of the wonderful things I found!
Of the hills, and the pleasant valleys,
Of the byways, memory-sweet,
The land that I left behind me
When I grew away from my feet!

—*Catherine Young Glen.*

An Open Letter

March 29, 1917.

To the Members of the 65th Congress
of the United States.

Dear Friends:—

The Constitution and the President have fitly thrown a great responsibility upon you. Unfortunately preparations for war are already too far under way. The popular sentiment, so far as the press and the big business interests of the country represent the same, is already fiercely bent on war. In speaking for myself, I believe that I speak for a vast constituency who thus far have had no adequate means of expression.

Ever since the war began I have been speaking incessantly on the problems of war and peace. I have addressed large audiences scattered through four of the neutral countries abroad and in nearly every section of our own country, and everywhere I have found a pathetic dread of the militaristic tendency. In our country there is a deep undertow pulling away from the logic of war and towards the establishment of the pacific methods in the settlement of International disputes, such methods as now obtain between individuals and between the states of our Union.

The world has a right in this Twentieth Century of the Christian Era to look to the United States for leadership in this direction. We are an International nation. We are furnished with unmeasured resources to meet all our wants indefinitely. We are blessed with a profound harmony within our own borders. Our democracy is well established. Here a brotherhood of races and nationalities is already realized.

It behooves us then to beware lest in yielding to this bumptious cry of *"Honor"* our nation should sink into permanent *dis*honor. The ethics of the duel and the code of the ring should be left behind by the United States of America. There are no *"Ultimatums"* in the code of peace. No one *"overt act"* can justify, at the Courts of Justice or of reason, the precipitating of two hitherto friendly nations into the awful crimes of war.

History will lament our downfall should we allow these belligerent nations to drag us down to the brutal levels of their war. By so yielding, we help no righteous cause and greatly hurt the interest of Humanity, and retard the cause of progress.

You can promptly vote billions of money, cause the multiplication of countless battleships and the manufacture of guns of all sizes without number. You can provide the equipment for a vast army. The resources of the United States are equal to such wicked expenditures; but to vote for war is to vote for armies; it is to doom to terrible death countless human beings; and it is for you to consider whose sons, husbands and fathers you are dooming to the degradation of the camp, the tortures of the battlefield, and the agonies of the hospital. Are you voting to send your own sons to the front as private soldiers? Are the clamoring capitalists planning to join such an army, not as profit making promoters or as favored officers, but as men in the line?

Your battleships will be useless unless manned, and your guns will remain in blessed innocence of blood unless you can put them into the hands of live men. Beware, lest you reckon without your host,

when you expect to recruit your armies and navies out of the intelligent toilers, the honest working home-makers in the shops and fields of America. *It takes hate to generate war.* The fighting material of the United States is lifted above the enthusiasms born out of hatred, national conceit, and geographical boundaries. The *"United States"* and *"Germany,"* which you are asked to precipitate into war, are but diplomatic figments that exist chiefly in the council chambers of war-makers and commercial offices. What you are really asked to do is to induce *"Americans"* and *"Germans"* to fly at each others' throats. You propose to equip them to devastate each others' homes, to go into the business of manufacturing widows and orphans. *"American"* and *"German"* are terms that represent an overlapping and interlocking people, and these people are not ready to engage in this devilish industry.

Be not deceived by the flattering hope that the "Declaration of War" will not involve much disaster, and that such a war will come to a speedy end. The terrible demonstration in Europe, as well as our own experience, proves that "short wars" are impossible in our present stage of human development and military engineering. Beware how you start a fire that will promptly burst into a conflagration beyond your control.

There must be a better way. If a tithe of the money and enthusiasm now looking toward war were turned directly toward discovering the better way and promoting the methods already prefigured in the councils of the wise and noble, the business of cannon making would begin to decrease rather than increase, and the manufacture of armament, which is always an irritant, would be curtailed and eventually abandoned.

If history proves anything, and if the present situation has any significance, they prove that preparation for war never has and never will make for peace. There will be neither fame nor profit for our nation if she butts in at this late day. After having suffered patiently with many indignities and inconveniences at the hands of all the belligerents, why should we now lose our heads and yield to this hysteria of preparedness? Under the mask of neutrality we have filled our coffers with blood-money. The five hundred American lives, more or less, already lost cannot be brought back by offering many thousands more of innocent lives on the Moloch altar of war.

On behalf of the many silent and suffering protestants, I plead with you to save our country from the disgraces of this unholy war. Save our country to the leadership for peace, which is its providential opportunity.

Yours very respectfully,

An humble citizen,

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

"As It Was in the Beginning"

I have been asked to drop a book review into UNITY's hopper during the March "escape" of the beloved "Plumed Knight." At the risk of violating the canons of good taste and modesty, I venture to speak of a little octavo volume of 343 pages written by my son, Charles Edward Beals, Jr., entitled "Passaconaway in the White Mountains," which was published in December, 1916, by Badger, Boston.

This humble book tells how the world looks from our little mountain home, "Score-o'-Peaks," which cosily nestles in a lofty valley in the Crystal Hills of New Hampshire. Over twenty distinct peaks are visible from our piazza. As one might naturally expect, descriptions of fascinatingly beautiful scenery and narratives of interesting incidents and exciting adventures find a place in this volume. Of the scenery and history I shall not speak here, however, although these fill more than two-thirds of the pages.

Since five of the mountains on the Passaconaway sky-line bear Indian names—names of actual historic men—the first hundred pages are devoted to an account of the New Hampshire Indians and their relations with the early whites. It is from this part of the book that I cull a few facts for the columns of UNITY, that steadfast and stout-hearted champion of justice, peace and democracy.

Briefly, some of the facts are these: The Indians were friendly to the English explorers and settlers, and became hostile only after unprovoked and unjustifiable aggressions by the invaders. The New Hampshire aborigines were agriculturists when the Europeans came, and were transformed into warriors by their contact with the armed colonists and governments. Although it was forbidden by their own laws, white traders sold rum and guns and ammunition to the red men. The fur traders and agents were in the habit of getting the natives drunk, and then cheating them in the purchase of beaver skins, etc. The notorious Waldron's fist was counted as a pound in weighing up valuable pelts.

All Indians looked alike to the whites, and were treated as vermin or as vipers by the arrogant Anglo-Saxons. False alarms repeatedly were raised by scheming white men, who were then rewarded for discovering hostile "plots" by grants of coveted lands belonging to the alleged hostiles. Even though chieftains like Passaconaway and Wonalancet pursued a lifelong policy of peace with the palefaces, the English governors repeatedly paid British gold to the Mohaws to attack and exterminate the New England Indians.

The whites sold Indian captives into slavery in the Barbadoes. Not only were the "strange Indians" (refugees from King Philip's disintegrated bands) taken by the treacherous trickery of a so-called sham fight at Dover, and sold into slavery, but some entirely innocent and friendly Indians were similarly dealt with, doubtless because the financial profits were attractive to the thrifty English. The English colonies officially and publicly offered bounties for Indian scalps, whether those of men, women or children. Moved by the hope of securing scalp bounties, Lovewell undertook his expeditions, the last of which resulted in the death of himself and many of his men. According to one tradition, it was this same desire to

secure the scalp bounty which led to the fiendish butchery of Chocorua on the summit of the mountain which now bears his name.

Over against this record of dishonor on the part of the whites is the record of the New Hampshire Indians. Common honesty requires that this story be told. Historians usually overlook the peaceful Indians, like Massasoit, Passaconaway, and Wonalancet, and mention only those who have succeeded in inflicting great losses on the whites, like Philip, an Osceola, or a Sitting Bull. Let us take two or three specific cases.

Probably the greatest Indian in New England at the time of the advent of the white men was Passaconaway, the Bashaba, or over-lord, of thirteen tribes. Physically, mentally and morally he was a kingly giant. It is said that he lived to be 120 years old. Throughout his long reign he held his people firmly in hand and pursued a policy of undeviating friendliness towards the newcomers. He submitted to the colonial government, granted vast tracts of land to the ungrateful usurpers, delivered up tribesmen and even kinsmen for trial by colonial courts in cases where his subjects were charged with injuring or wronging white men, accepted Christianity under the preaching of the Apostle Eliot and urged his people to do the same, kept his followers from uniting with King Philip's forces at a time when a union with the incensed son of Massasoit would have enabled the Indians to sweep the greedy colonists into the sea, and in his immortal farewell speech solemnly entreated his people to continue his policy of peace with the English.

In return for such proven and beneficial friendliness, how was Passaconaway rewarded? He was robbed of his lands, his people were mercilessly exploited, his son was wantonly fired on and wounded and imprisoned, one son-in-law was ruthlessly shot down and murdered in cold blood, possibly another son-in-law was sold into slavery, and, from being the wealthiest and most powerful Indian in New England, he was reduced to beggary, so that he was obliged in a most humiliating manner to petition the English authorities for the grant of a tiny portion of his own once immense territory for relief.

Let us now look at Wonalancet, "the pleasant-breathing" son of Passaconaway. It was Wonalancet whom the English had fired on and wounded and captured and imprisoned, upon one of the many false alarms of an Indian uprising. This dusky Christian—for, like his honored father, he had accepted the message of Eliot—once sold his home and the beautiful island upon which it was located to raise money to redeem his brother from unjust imprisonment by the English. He well knew that the colonial governor was buying up the Mohawks to exterminate the Pennacooks, but he never wavered in his friendly policy, but "came in closer" to the English. Throughout his chieftainship he continued this peace policy and prevented his impatient braves from joining forces with Philip. He withdrew deeper into the wilderness during Philip's hostilities, so that there might be no clash between his warriors and the settlers. Some of his tribesmen, falsely arrested by the English, were wantonly fired upon and killed by drunken whites, but no white jury would convict the murderers, in spite of the appeal and earnest protest of the justice-loving Gookin. When expeditions were sent against him, he hid in dense swamps and the depths of the dark wilderness. His men could have shot down the white soldiers without the loss of a single Indian, and they eagerly begged permission, but Wonalancet unswervingly held his chafing young braves in check until, in disgust and anger, they deserted him and allied themselves with the more warlike tribes of Canada or eastern Maine. This was the price he had to pay for his pacific policy.

If ever a man, white or red or of any other color, lived according to the Golden Rule, Wonalancet did. But the treatment he received at the hands of the English was no better than the treatment they would have accorded to a snake. His hunting grounds were stolen, his tribe was scattered, his son was fired upon by Mohawk mercenaries, he himself was cheated and humiliated and insulted and injured, he was reduced to penury and hunger, he was treated as a public pauper and placed under the care of a white man who half-starved him and who obtained by hook or crook deeds to Wonalancet's lands,—all that remained of the vast domains and proud supremacy of the Pennacooks.

After Wonalancet came Kancamagus, a nephew of Wonalancet and a grandson of old Passaconaway. He had ample knowledge that British gold was being spent to stir up the Mohawks to new atrocities against his people. Repeatedly he attempted to secure a conference with the governor at Newcastle, but all in vain. Spurned, humiliated, wronged, indignant Kancamagus drew around him the fiery malcontents from St. Francis and from the eastern tribes, and struck his deadly blow at Cocheco (Dover). In letters of blood and fire his warriors "crossed out their account" with the hated Waldron and others against whom they harbored long-standing grudges. But, let it be remembered that, even in the midst of this orgy of fire and flame, Kancamagus and his band took vengeance chiefly, if not solely, on those individuals who had wronged them, and deliberately spared some who had shown kindnesses in past days.

The pious whites were thrown into consternation by this unexpected massacre and could explain it only by saying that the Indians were ferocious emissaries of Satan, or that the dreadful affair was a mysterious dispensation of Providence, probably sent in punishment perhaps for their leniency in dealing with the abhorred Quaker heretics. The English had forgotten the long-continued dishonest exploitation which had taken from the red man his lands and his means of sustenance, they had forgotten Waldron's pound-weight fist and the treacherous sham fight as the result of which six Indians had been hung and 200 sold into slavery in a foreign land. They overlooked the real causes—causes which invariably tend to certain effects. Blinded by selfishness and pride and superstition, they imputed to the Universal Heavenly Father their own fiendishness, and, with punctilious and unctuous sanctimoniousness, gave themselves to fasting and doubtless called upon God for revenge.

This is "as it was in the beginning" of the modern chapter of the history of a part of New England. Greed and lust for power and love of place, joined with unscrupulous cruelty and military violence for the exploiting of a well-intentioned, but uneducated and relatively helpless people. "As it was in the beginning," sad to say, so it is today. False alarms are spread by a servile or subsidized press; pliant Congresses enact legislation which enables plutocratic plot-

ters to exploit the helpless under forms of law; with a "thoroughness" equalling that of the much-talked-about "Prussianism," campaigns are deliberately and systematically organized for the stampeding of a misinformed and terrified populace into an anti-democratic militarism or into war itself; society wallows in a foul hogpen of shameless and sordid greed; and morals and religious idealism and civilization itself totter on the brink of utter extinction or an indescribable hell—the hell which is the inevitable sequel to the separation of religion or politics or business from morals, the hell which always follows and always must follow in the wake of a policy of exploitation and military violence.

"As it was in the beginning," so, unhappily, it "is now." But, as there is a God of truth and justice and love, I cannot think that it necessarily "forever shall be." If legislators and courts would cease to play into the hands of scheming self-seekers; if newspapers would print the news and not feed out "dope" manufactured for a purpose by a Wall Street bureau of editors; if "men of light and leading" would put public welfare above party victory or personal gain; if, instead of "playing the game" (note the vocabulary of the "sport" or the gambler) of politics or finance, men would earnestly give themselves to the sober tasks of real statesmanship; if law could be for all instead of for the few, and could be made strong enough to restrain the rich as effectively as it now punishes the poor; then would it be a comparatively easy problem for the world family to devise measures for a scientific organization of world industry, for greater efficiency in production, and for a just and adequate distribution of the products of toil and the necessities of life. On such a basis, no man and no nation would lack, for the waste of privileged plutocracy and of the flames of war would be eliminated. Given the spirit of soberness and honest intention, I say, and the problem of transforming this earth from a bear-garden into a paradise of plenty would not be nearly so difficult as the problem of how to end war by more war.

If, by our unprotesting silence and by our votes, we stupidly consent to a system of exploitation approximating so nearly to perfection that the despised bean and odorous onion even now are luxuries beyond the dreams of any but blood-dripping munitions-millionaires, then will our country like the countries of Europe, be plunged into a blood-bath from which, if we emerge at all, we are likely to emerge *sans* free speech, *sans* trial by jury, *sans* habeas corpus, *sans* a freeman's vote, *sans* self-government.

Against government by militarism, against government by money interests through militarism, I, for one, protest. And if, in this "land of the free," our ancestral liberties, natural rights and constitutional guarantees be treasonably sold out to dividend-seekers, I shall refuse to obey the objectionable laws of a betrayed republic, and, by all peaceful means, for conscience sake, resist those laws which conflict with the higher laws of morality, religion and human brotherhood. I would much rather face a firing squad than "live like a toad under a harrow" (to use Dr. Walter Walsh's words, I think) and submit my mind and conscience to a narrow-gauge, conscience-hardened army officer, be he

> Rooshan,
> Or French, or Turk, or Prooshan,
> Or even an A-mer-i-can.

(Apologies to "Pinafore.")

Here and now, in this gravest crisis in our nation's history, I solmenly re-dedicate my one poor life to help, by all peaceable methods, to change things for the better, to help put the Golden Rule into individual hearts and into the organized life of the world. If I can best serve the common good by being shot to death by government hirelings for refusing to kill or hate, so be it. If I know my own heart, I am willing and ready. If a prison awaits me for refusing to be a *hate* "patriot" or a "lick-all-creation, hurrah-boys" "American," then in a world-embracing love, I welcome the stone walls and iron gates and prison fare and bedbugs of a government cell, for I remember that the world's greatest thinkers and noblest benefactors have languished in prisons. If slow torture with bayonets and ropes and the unwritten barbarities of a brutalized soldiery confront me, I can only pray God graciously to strengthen me that I may not flinch.

But whatever stern testings may be ahead, I like to think that there are many who have not given up believing in things of the spirit, and who count not their lives dear if only by the sacrifice of themselves they may help to awaken a dollar-sodden world from its horrid blood-madness. And some day, I confidently believe, real civilization will begin, when the world family, on a new basis, will commence to keep house on a rational, economical, just, brotherly plan. It may easily be inferred, therefore, that the present writer does not believe that because a thing "was in the beginning" and "is now," that it "ever shall be—world without end." That would be to blink all the facts of evolution, deny the possibility and actual gains of human progress, assert the futility of all education, and lapse into pessimistic atheism.

CHARLES E. BEALS.

APRIL MUSIC.

The lyric sound of laughter
Fills all the April hills—
The joy-song of the crocus,
The mirth of daffodils.

They ring their golden changes
Through all the azure vales;
The sunny cowslips answer
Athwart the reedy swales.

Far down the woodland aisle-ways
The trillium's voice is heard;
The little wavering wind-flowers
Join in with jocund word.

The white cry of the dogwood
Mounts up against the sky;
The breath of violet music
Upon the breeze goes by.

Give me to hear, O April,
These choristers of thine
Calling across the distance
Serene and hyaline.

To clear my clouded vision,
Bedimmed and dulled so long,
And heal my aching spirit
With fragrance that is song!

The Independent. —*Clinton Scollard.*

Seventh Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals

Pittsburgh, March 6-8, 1917

The Seventh Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals was held, by invitation of liberal clergymen and churches of Pittsburgh, Pa., in that city on the 6th, 7th and 8th of the present month. The program of sixteen pages which had been prepared and sent in advance to the members of the Federation and the churches co-operating, was impressive by the largeness and timeliness of the topics presented for discussion and the representative quality and ability of the speakers. No feature of it, however, was more significant or more fully realized the ideals of the Federation than the list of the local committee which extended the invitation. It consisted of twenty-eight clergymen, including the Chancellor of the University, belonging to fifteen different denominations. It shows what can be done in almost any American community to secure an expression of fellowship beyond the lines of sect and creed, provided the avowedly liberal ministers and churches in said city, through the weight of their characters and the largeness of their spirit, possess the confidence and good will of the religious community.

Pittsburgh has long been noted for its conservatism in religion and politics. It was an agreeable surprise to learn how hospitable to differences in theological opinion, how truly liberal many of its clergy and laity are. But this expression of sympathy was due very largely to the long and irenic ministries in that city of such well-known liberals as Dr. L. Walter Mason, for seventeen years past the beloved minister of the First Unitarian Church, Dr. J. Leonard Levy, who for an equal period has been Rabbi of the great Reform Jewish Congregation Rodeph Shalom and a power for the higher interests of the city, and Dr. Carl A. Voss, pastor of the German American Evangelical Protestant Church, which includes over six thousand souls in its parish register, and a graduate and trustee of the Meadville Theological School, which has reason to be proud of his devoted labors and large influence.

To the regard felt for these men, and their ready assumption of the burden of the work needed to assure local co-operation with the Congress, must be chiefly ascribed its success. Recognition is due also to Rev. Charles E. Snyder of the North Side Unitarian Church, who, as Secretary of the local committee, displayed executive ability and intelligent comprehension of the aims of the Federation.

The meetings were held under great disadvantage as regards the weather. The heaviest snowstorm of the season, followed by a sudden thaw, and this again by freezing cold, deterred many from attendance, yet the opening session in the splendid Hebrew Temple found a responsive audience of 750 people to greet the Congress. The introductory service conducted by Dr. Levy was most impressive. His reading of the beautiful prayers of the Jewish liturgy and welcome to the ministers, fourteen of whom sat on the rostrum with him, was like a benediction invoked upon the pacific and friendly purpose which brought them together. The President of the Federation, Professor Jesse H. Holmes, Ph. D., of Swarthmore College, a member of the Society of Friends, speaking without notes but with clarity and charm, gave a social interpretation to the term Religious Liberal, and plead for greater devotion to human service, social justice and international peace and good will. The Secretary, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D., followed with a definition of the spirit and aim of the Federation in striving for a fellowship based, not on uniformity of creed or rite, but on moral sympathies, mutual forbearance and respect, and a recognition of the human and social work men of widely differing faiths might unitedly engage in. Rabbi Dr. William Rosenau of Baltimore, President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, spoke with fire and force on the relations which Reform Judaism should have to this movement for larger fellowship. The concluding address was given by Reverend Frederick Tower Galpin, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pittsburgh, who gave a genial welcome to the delegates and affirmed his faith in religious freedom, progress and charity. Nearly a hundred new members were added to the Federation at this meeting which auspiciously opened the Congress.

At the business session held the next morning in the North Side Unitarian Church, the usual reports from Secretary and Treasurer were accepted. A balance of $351.56 was reported on hand. It was also announced that the Universalist, Liberal Friend, and Unitarian fellowships had officially recognized and joined the Federation, and other bodies were considering the matter. Brief addresses were made by J. Barnard Walton, the new General Secretary of the advancement committee of the Religious Society of Friends, Philadelphia, by Reverend Carl A. Voss, D. D., President of the German Evangelical Churches of North America, Reverend Lee S. McCollester, President of the Universalist General Convention, and Reverend Minot O. Simons of Cleveland, representing the Unitarian body. Reverends G. Herbert Ekins of the Plymouth Congregational Church, George B. Richards, Emanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, William A. Prosser, United Peoples Church, and others of the local clergy also addressed the meeting, expressing their sympathy with the general purposes of the Federation.

The following resolutions were adopted:

"The National Federation of Religious Liberals, met in Pittsburgh March 6-8, 1917, representing many and widely differing organizations, with many and widely differing details of faith, find side by side with these differences a great body of common ideals and common purposes.

"1. We believe that society exists for man and not for the things he makes.

"We believe, therefore, that in all industries the interests of the worker should precede the interests of the work.

"The things which can be produced only at the expense of human deterioration should not be produced at all.

"2. We believe that the natural resources of the world belong essentially to mankind and their title cannot be alienated.

"We believe, therefore, that society as organized in governments should see that the actual wealth of the

world is held and used for the benefit of mankind and not for any restricted group.

"We deplore the growth of a caste system based on wealth, often growing out of undue appropriation of natural resources.

"3. Since our interest is in mankind it cannot be restricted to race or nation. We do not desire the advantage of any one people at the expense of any other. Reasonable conference, not conflict, must govern the mutual relation of nations. War can only confuse their mutual understandings and delay the accomplishment of their purposes. We strongly endorse the patient efforts of the President of the United States to preserve this nation at peace with the rest of the world and his prophetic utterances for an international understanding to prevent future wars.

"4. We desire to express once more our central conviction that true and enduring religious fellowship cannot be brought about by uniformity either of belief or worship. Oneness of moral sympathy, united testimony for justice and righteousness, and co-operation for human and social service are possible beyond the lines of sect or creed. Not by the amalgamation of existing forms and doctrines, or the general acceptance of an 'irreducable minimum' of belief and practice; only by the voluntary federation of the religious forces of the community with mutual respect and sympathy, for united testimony and service amidst large varieties of thought and church connection, can real and effective religious fellowship be established; for while 'intellectual sympathies are limited, moral sympathies are universal.'"

The visiting members of the Federation had been invited to attend the monthly luncheon of the Pittsbugh Chamber of Commerce at the William Pitt Hotel, and to furnish the speaker for the occasion. Before a gathering of over five hundred leading business men of the city Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard of the *New York Evening Post,* who had been selected for this service, spoke on the present duty of hesitation, calmness of spirit, and a patriotism guided by good judgment and a large-hearted interpretation of human and world-wide interests. Incidentally he defended the right of the minority of twelve Senators in Congress to their own opinion and course of action, and exposed the dangers in the military measure now before Congress to establish universal compulsory service in the United States, involving as he showed the largest standing army of any nation in the world and the biggest navy.

It was a brave thing to bring up this subject, for Pittsburgh is a great center of munition manufacture, of huge capitalized industries and strong pro-ally and pro-war sentiment. But such was the moral earnestness, the persuasiveness and tact of the speaker, and his patriotic spirit that he was listened to with the greatest courtesy and even applauded. It was a tribute to both the citizens of Pittsburgh and the one who addressed them. Among those present were some twenty trustees of the Meadville Theological School, who were holding an important session in Pittsburgh at the time, and participated, as far as able, in the meetings of the Congress.

In the evening at the Emory Methodist Episcopal Church another large audience, despite the inclement weather, had gathered to listen to three fine addresses on "World-Peace," by three speakers, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Vice-President of the Woman's Peace Party, Reverend Doctor Frederick Lynch of New York, Secretary of the Church Peace Union of America, and Oswald Garrison Villard, LL. D. Nothing could have been more gracious than the welcome and introductions of Reverend Doctor Luther Freeman, pastor of the church. Here, too, new members were added to the Federation.

On the morning of the 8th the session was held at the Smithfield German Evangelical Church, a large and beautiful Gothic structure now in the heart of the mercantile section of the city and soon to be surrendered to the inroads of business. A property valution of a million and a half dollars makes it too costly a luxury for the church to maintain any longer for its private use. The religious services, which introduced every session of the Congress, were conducted by Reverend Wyatt Brown of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, and Reverend S. M. Lindsay of the Baptist Church, the full choir and organ of Doctor Voss' church assisting. Three papers on "Religious Reconstruction" were read to a deeply interested audience of one hundred and fifty persons, many of them clergymen and students of theology. Reverend Doctor Richard W. Boynton of Buffalo spoke on "The Need for a New Vision of God." It was a remarkable and valuable paper, which, we trust, will be heard in Boston during the coming anniversaries.

Reverend Doctor Lee S. McCollester, Dean of Tufts College Divinity School, and one of the leaders of the Congress, followed with a fine, scholarly paper on "The Religion of Jesus and the Modern World." Mr. Alfred W. Martin, A. M., assistant leader of the Ethical Culture Society of New York City, and a speaker of unusual attractiveness and persuasive power, spoke on "The Rebirth of the Immortal Hope," which he based mainly on the Universality and Eternity of the Ethical nature of man.

These addresses and one by Reverend William B. Sullivan of New York on "A Revival of Religious Experience," which he was prevented by sudden indisposition from delivering, will be printed in the forthcoming annual report of the Federation, together with other addresses and proceedings at the Congress. This report will be sent to all members of the society.

The afternoon session was held at the Parish House of Trinity Episcopal Church, another downtown temple. Its rector, Reverend Edward S. Travers, conducted the opening service. Reverend Leon O. Williams, minister of the First Universalist Church, Buffalo, read a thoughtful, carefully prepared paper on "Facing the New Social Order." It dealt mainly with the more thorough application of the modern science of psychology to social problems. The papers and addresses that followed were of a practical order. Mr. Morris Knowles, a prominent civil engineer, and member of the Pittsburgh Survey Commission, spoke on "The Social Responsibility of Industry," and Reverend Doctor Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago on the Spirit of Abraham Lincoln and American Society. Doctor Oberholtzer, Secretary of the State Board of Film Censors, gave an interesting account of the moral aspects of the motion picture. Seventy per cent of the films submitted to his board were melodramatic, i. e., they dealt with crime and

sex problems, 20 per cent were slap-stick comedy, usually violent and vulgar, 10 per cent were artistic and instructive. The tendency was to make the films even more vulgar, violent and indecent. Recently child-birth scenes had been offered the censors. Mr. J. J. O'Connor of the Pittsburgh Child Welfare Society gave his experience in trying to induce the motion picture houses to take into consideration the moral influence of their productions on the children who attended them. Mr. Caplan told of the campaign against films inculcating sectarian hatred and prejudice. Doctor C. W. Wendte reported on recent British and German legislation to save childhood from the demoralizing effects of the movie. Reverend F. S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis advised that parents were the best censors, and advocated an earnest and concerted effort by the churches to arouse their parishioners and the general community to the evils which attend the cinema as now conducted.

The final session of the Congress was held at the First Unitarian Church, Doctor L. Walter Mason conducting the service. It was a dismal night without, but within the handsome church a goodly audience had gathered to listen to two addresses on Nationality and World-Brotherhood by S. K. Ratcliffe of England and Doctor Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. Both were admirable in their respective way and supplemented each other. The meeting closed with an address, terse and witty, by Julian Kennedy, Esq., of Pittsburgh, eminent as a citizen and designer of the great steel plants that encircle the city. President Holmes and Doctor Wendte responded briefly on behalf of the Federation. The latter gave the closing benediction, and the Congress came to a happy ending.

It had again shown conclusively that the National Federation has a unique and important mission in the religious life of the United States, and also left behind pleasant memories which are to be perpetuated in Pittsburgh by a recently formed Liberal Ministers' Club. It consists of some twenty-five ministers of fifteen different denominations, including the Jewish fellowship. The meetings are to be held every six weeks and will consist of a common mean, a paper and discussion. No better result of the Congress could have been desired. CHARLES W. WENDTE.

QUAKERISM A LEAVEN.

I have no temple and no creed,
I celebrate no mystic rite,
The human heart is all I need,
Wherein I worship day and night.

The human heart is all I need,
For I have found God ever there;
Love is the one sufficient creed,
And comradeship the purest prayer.

I bow not down to any book,
No written page holds me in awe;
For when on one friend's face I look
I read the Prophets and the Law.

The Intelligencer. —*Robert Norwood.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

IX.

George Fox 1624-1691

"Walk by the inner light."

George Fox, the most modern of the Fathers of the Reformation, comes very near to the heart of every liberal. His story is one of spiritual emancipation; he had to shake himself loose from the traditions, conventions and legalities of his time. His name is one to be loved and is a standing rebuke to materialism and to majorities.

The Friends probably have never numbered over two hundred to two hundred and twenty thousand. Even in the city of "Brotherly Love," the city of their own foundation, the Quakers would probably be outvoted two to one. At the same time they have exerted a tremendous influence both in this country and in England, perhaps more easily felt in this country. In theological emancipation and in the development of thought, they have been a factor to be reckoned with. They were pioneers in the anti-slavery movement, consistent and persistent temperance workers and the only religious body that has persistently and continuously kept the banners of peace floating. With them there is no balancing of arguments, no "waiting until this war is over," but a deep conviction that war is everlastingly wicked and has no possible justification in a civilized community.

The story of the Quaker movement is a big one, and in the study of but four names we see the growth of modern thought in religion and politics: George Fox, William Penn, Elias Hicks and Lucretia Mott.

Glancing at them in time we have some interesting figures:

George Fox was born in 1624, died in 1691—67.
William Penn came 20 years later (1644-1718)—84.
Oliver Cromwell was 25 years old when Fox was born (1599-1658)—59.
John Milton was 16 years old when Fox was born (1608-1674)—66.
John Bunyan came four years later (1628-1688)—60.
Elias Hicks came 24 years after Fox was born (1748-1830)—88.
Lucretia Mott was born 102 years after Fox died (1793-1880)—87.

George Fox was humbly born, judged by the popularities. His father, Christopher Fox, won the title from his neighbors of "Righteous Christer." His mother seems to have been a woman of marked character and exerted a great conscious influence upon the boy.

Fox was a troublesome personality from his cradle to his grave. He was a perplexity to his parents, an annoyance to his associates and a source of continual irritation to the leaders of his time; all of which sprang from his extreme sensitiveness to things spir-

itual and his exceptional ethical sense. We have no account of his schooling, but he was early apprenticed to a cobbler in the neighborhood of Drayton, where he was born. His cobbler was also a farmer and George divided his time between the cobbler's bench and the sheepfold.

Fox early kept a dairy and we get at his inner life, his early experiences, from his own writings. There is a tradition that his pastor, a Puritan and probably a Separatist, admitted that George bothered him after every sermon for further explanation of the text and that he sometimes gave a better interpretation than he himself had been able to offer.

When nineteen years of age he had business at a Fair and tells of his experience there:

> One of my cousins whose name was Bradford, a professor (of religion) and having another professor with him, came to me and asked me to drink part of a jug of beer with them; and I being thirsty, went in with them, for I loved any that had a sense of good, or that did seek after the Lord. When we had drunk a glass apiece, they began to drink healths, and called for more drink, agreeing together that he who would not drink should pay all. I was grieved that any that made profession of religion should do so. They grieved me very much, never having had such a thing put to me before by any sort of people, wherefore I rose up to go and putting my hand into my pocket I took out a groat and laid it on the table before them and said, "If it be so I will leave you." So I went away and when I had done what business I had to do, I returned home, but did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep, but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, both young and old, and keep out of all, and be a stranger unto all."

In this we have a hint of the remarkable career of a man who always took his instructions from within. He early became agitated with religious problems and consulted a number of priests. One he found like an "empty cask." Another, Dr. Cradock of Coventry, became too infuriated to give religious advice because when walking in his garden George inadvertently stepped on a flower bed. Of still another, one Macham, "a priest of high account," he writes:

> He would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood, but they could not get one drop of blood from me, either in arms or head, my body being, as it were, dried up with sorrows, grief and troubles, which were so great upon me that I could have wished I had never been born, or that I had been born blind, that I might not have seen wickedness or vanity; and deaf, that I might never have heard vain and wicked words, or the Lord's name blasphemed.

Fox was a psychic man; that is, he placed himself in close contact with the unseen and intangible. There came to him a series of "openings."

He walked in a field, when

> The Lord opened unto me, that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit or qualify men to be ministers of Christ, and I wondered at it, because it was the common belief of people.

At another time it was "opened" to him that the Lord did not dwell in temples made with hands. He refused to speak of the churches as other than "Steeple Houses." His five main contentions were:

1. The Inner Light. A man should abide by the voice of God in the heart. "Christ had illuminated every man." Of course as a result came the disuse of sacraments, the abandonment of the liturgy, the adoption of the silent worship and the unpaid ministry.

2. It is possible for a Christian to live without sin. The Methodist doctrine of sanctification was one of the cardinal points.

3. The avoidance of all swearing, even to judiciary oaths. (Oath-taking was then the corner-stone of the commonwealth.)

4. Hat worship. The Lord is no respecter of persons and hat wearers demonstrate their independence of power. Over and over again Fox was cast into prison because he would not take off his hat.

5. War is unlawful. This brought him in conflict with the Thirty-seventh Article of the Church, "Of the Civil Magistrates," in which all authority, whether ecclesiastical or civil, is declared vested in the Queen, or "godly Princes,"

> . . . that they should rule all states and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be Ecclesiastical or Temporal, and restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil-doers.
>
> The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England. . .
>
> It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear weapons and to serve in the wars.

There came a time when it was "opened" to Fox that he should bear testimony more valiantly than as a cobbler. Perhaps the most valuable one passage in Carlyle is his account, put into the mouth of Professor Teufelsdrockh, of the way Fox left the cobbler's bench:

> Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern history is not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Waterloo, Austerlitz, Peterloo, or any other battle, but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather.

Read the whole account, which is a great appreciation of Fox's place in history.

His "suit of leather" was no figure of speech, for thus clothed he started on his missionary journeys. Wherever he went he left behind a little band of "Friends" or Quakers, so named by a judge in derision, because Fox so often said, "Tremble ye at the word of the Lord."

When twenty-eight, at Swarthmoor, Wales, he found friends in Judge Fels and his wife, in whose home he was always a welcome and honored guest. Some eleven years after the judge died, when Fox was well up in the forties, it was "opened" to him that he ought to marry Margaret Fels. The story of the marriage is exceptional because it worked well, although Fox did not allow the marriage contract to limit his service or obliterate his obligations to the cause.

Fox had aspirations for world conquest by the spirit. He visited Holland, traveled in all parts of the United Kingdom, went to Barbadoes under English protection, also Jamaica and from there sailed to America. He hardly dare land on New England shores, where several Quakers had been hung, but an open door and welcome was granted him in Maryland by Lord Baltimore, a Catholic. He ventured to go to Newport, R. I. Although Roger Williams did not like his doctrine he was willing to ride miles in an open boat to debate with him.

If he had had greater intellectuality Fox probably would have been the first Free Religious Leader. As it is, all posterity will agree that he was a lovable man, a gentle spirit with never a reproach on his character, but was considered pestiferous because he

stood persistently for things of the inner life, freedom from form and the dignity of the human soul.

William Penn was born when Fox was twenty years old. The story of his finally laying aside his sword, even though he thought he owed it a debt of gratitude, is interesting. His coming to America and establishing relations with the Indians, satisfying them and treating them as property owners, is a story too much neglected in our histories.

Elias Hicks of Philadelphia brings Fox down to date. He was the heretical Quaker who discarded the Trinitarian interpretation. He became a great leader of the anti-slavery forces, which issue became so vital as to cause a schism in the Quaker body.

In the fullness of time came one, maybe the biggest woman in American history, Lucretia Mott, whose face with that of Horace Mann make the two most beautiful I know of in American annals.

In connection with this lesson read Whittier's poems, "My Soul and I," "The Eternal Goodness," "My Master," "The Quaker Alumni" and his masterpiece, "Revelation."

QUESTIONS.

(1) Name the four great names in Quaker history.
(2) Who were Fox's contemporaries?
(3) What was Fox's great rule?
(4) When did Fox come to America? What portions did he visit?
(5) What were his five great contentions?

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of UNITY:—

The letter by Mr. Edward Congreve commenting on the article by Mr. Rowland Usher seems to me to carry out the exaggerated and mistaken idealism which was so surprising in Mr. Usher's article in the *New Republic*. One feels like saying, "For Heaven's sake what did you expect in a world like this?"

Germany has let loose some awful and uncontrollable forces and they cannot be brought into control by gentle good nature. The conference which Germany refused in 1914 she cannot expect to have accepted in a sweet spirit at her suggestion in 1916. Germany spoke as a victor. She deserved to be answered in the same spirit. The Allies stated their terms, and whatever their exaggerations, they served as a basis for negotiations. Germany should have stated her terms and then all irreconcilable statements could have been reconciled by negotiation. But she refused and consequently the sincerity of her peace proposal is open to question. It seems more than likely it was made for political reasons at home. Germany would never have understood magnanimity and not only would it have been futile to have shown it to her, but any regret on our part that the Allies did not show it is a mistaken idealism. The time for magnanimity has not yet come.

Yours very truly,

Cleveland, O. MINOT SIMONS.

SEEDS.

The seeds I cuddle in my hands are dreams—
The waiting earth and dew,
The wind and rain, the sun with magic beams
Will make them all come true.

The Craftsman. —*Aileen Cleveland Higgins.*

Do You Want War?

The Emergency Anti-War Committee, Room 1506, 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, sends us the following information and suggestions of things to be done by those who still feel that this country should not go to war.

1. Word from friends in Washington emphasizes the need for each individual who does not want the United States to enter the European War, to send President Wilson a telegram, letter or postcard to that effect, to reach Washington on the first or second of April—earlier if possible. There is every reason to suppose that he is still anxious to learn the will of the people in this matter.

2. The new Congress has been called in special session on April 2nd. It is of the utmost importance that all congressmen, whether favoring or opposing war, should be at once informed of the people's will. Will you not at once copy the declarations given below upon postcards or embody them in letters or telegrams, add your name and address, and send to the President, to Senator Robert M. LaFollette and Congressman William E. Mason, to the two United States Senators from your state, to the representative from your district, and to the congressmen at large, if your state has any? Address all these gentlemen at Washington, D. C. Immediate action is imperative in this work.

If you represent any anti-war group, or can arrange for their distribution in any way, have a quantity of mailing cards printed like the one given below and give them out to all who will use them. Additional copies may also be secured from the Committee at the above address.

1. I oppose the declaration of war in the present crisis.

2. I favor an advisory referendum vote of the people before any declaration of war except in case of invasion.

3. I urge the appointment of a Joint Commission to consider the questions at issue between this government and that of Germany.

4. I oppose all universal service and conscription and drastic spy acts.

Name.....

Address.....

THY NEIGHBOUR'S HEART.

There's a little green lane in every heart,
Though shadeless and dusty its highways burn;
In a byway moist with mosses and fern,
Green trees are leafy and wild brooks start.

'Tis a close-hidden lane, and you may not know
Where to look for its deep, secluded green.
But some finer fragrance, an air serene,
A starry blossom,—its hiding will show.

Though fiery the sun, and worldly the mart,
The real man lingers in this sweet place.
'Tis a piece of his childhood's diviner grace.
Be sure that you find it,—your neighbour's heart!

—*Mary C. Bishop.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION.

125 East Twenty-seventh St.,
New York City, Feb. 10, 1917.

To Men and Women of Good-Will Throughout the United States:

In this moment of national crisis, it is in the heart of every true citizen to give his full measure of service to his country. The great Republic which we love is in its hour of trial. Its responsibility and need are calling for the highest loyalty of all. Yet there have been few moments in history when we could so little afford to render our country ill-considered service. What the United States now does may determine not simply its own course for a few years, but the future of nations, of whole peoples, of humanity, for centuries. The primary duty of each of us is a dispassionate endeavor to penetrate through the maze of political complications to those fundamental principles of Christianity upon which only can national conduct of permanent value be based.

I.

The immediate legal issue is the right of American citizens to pursue their legitimate business on the high seas freely in accordance with international law. This is, without doubt, important enough; yet beside the deeper moral issues it sinks into relative insignificance. The crucial fact in today's world situation is not infraction of international rules, but contempt for humanity and ruthless disregard of moral and spiritual principles. These are the deeper wrongs which every man and woman who reverences human nature instinctively condemns. The task of the United States in this decisive hour is not chiefly to vindicate a legal right, but to uphold the principles by which men live.

II.

Germany's new submarine policy has staggered the world. To condone so great a wrong against mankind would be disloyal to every principle of humanity. The impulse comes to leap to arms. If by this means right could be vindicated, no offer of life could be too prodigal, no expenditure of wealth too great.

Yet it is not by war with Germany that the United States can champion the moral order of Christendom. This moral order is a system of moral and spiritual relationships between human beings, and these relationships whether between a few persons or between nations, rest ultimately upon the characters of individuals. Wrong can be successfully opposed only by making men righteous. Not a nation defeated, but the nations won to righteousness is what the world needs.

It is not simply that war with Germany would be a colossal expenditure of life and wealth—a diversion of national resources which would arrest social progress for untold years. But the tragedy of such a war undertaken for the sake of human welfare would be that after all the price paid, after all the loss of life, the blood-sweat and the anguish, it would be found to have defeated its own ends. That all the sanguinary conflicts of history have done no more to make the principles of righteousness effective is due to no strange miscarriage of fate. It is the natural consequence of the contradiction between the method of war and the principles of moral order. The method of war, instead of defending, inevitably shatters moral principles. In making the defeat of the enemy its supreme object, it subordinates the moral law to military necessity. In its wholesale destruction of men by men, in engendering widespread hatred and distrust, it violates that reverence for personality which lies at the heart of the Christian religion. In demanding absolute obedience to military authority and the surrender of the right to act according to conscience, it cuts at the very life-root of moral being. However just a cause may be, the method of war is intrinsically and incurably evil, and therefore self-defeating.

III.

Now is the time for this nation to have courage to go forward in a better way. This is the hour for us to dare to make trial of the will to love as the effective power for the maintenance of the moral and spiritual order. Hitherto, mankind has made feeble use of the inexhaustible resources of love and goodwill. We have regarded them as available in our families and among our friends, but notwithstanding Christ and the lesson of the Cross, we have little trusted them in social, industrial and international relations. The moral progress of the world waits for us to make them effective in these spheres. The highest task that confronts us as a people, in the present situation, is to generate and set in operation between nations on a scale never before known the irresistible energies of love. The immeasurable needs of humanity plead with us to dare all risks in trying Christ's method of serving the cause of mankind.

The method of love does not mean that we are to condone the unrighteous acts of any nation, or that we are to live as if in a world of suspended moral values. It does not mean that we are to forget how to pass stern moral judgment on every kind of wrong. But it means that we are to seek to combat wrong not by the punishment or annihilation of the wrongdoer, but by a sustained appeal to conscience. It requires that a new passion for righteousness must first of all lift us out of our own selfishness and self-complacency, and that in prayer and self-denying efforts we identify ourselves with the present sufferings of humanity. It calls for the exercise of daring and inventive faith for a vast increase of constructive service. It is the supreme task of overcoming evil with good.

IV.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation unites men and women who share the conviction that the principles of love and good-will as revealed by Christ should be unswervingly applied as a transforming power in personal, social, industrial, national and international life. While the Fellowship is not in itself an administrative organization, its committee desires, particularly during these critical days, to do all in its power to extend the constructive application of these principles. It will gladly furnish information as to opportunities for practical work and agencies through which gifts and services may be made effective. It invites the co-operation of all, and will welcome communications. Its statement of principles and information concerning its literature, methods of work, or other particulars may be had on request. Inquiries should be addressed to the secretary, Edward W. Evans, 511 Otis Building, Sixteenth and Sansom Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

On behalf of the Fellowship Committee,

GILBERT A. BEAVER.
HELENA S. DUDLEY.
EDWARD W. EVANS.
HAROLD A. HATCH.
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